





Capron

10/1955

COMPLIMENTS

OF

R. H. Sherman

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A Friend

Compliments  
of

Charles H. Cutter  
Coal Company

50 State Street

Boston, Mass.

## The Bon Marché

For Goods of Quality We Invite Your  
Inspection and Comparison.

Copyrights For Spring and Summer  
Reading are Here

THE NEW PRICE 75c PER COPY

Read And Learn By Buying  
Good Books.

FISHER & CO.

## THE OS-GOOD-WIN

STOCKING SHOP

Our patrons demand merchan-  
dise of quality and find it at

57 State Street  
Newburyport, Mass.

SEE

WM. T. HUMPHREYS

FOR ANYTHING IN

REAL ESTATE  
AND INSURANCE

29 STATE ST., NEWBURYPORT

Telephone at Office and Residence

## JOHN E. LUNT

RELIABLE

**Jeweler**

40 State Street  
Newburyport, Mass.

## POCKET KNIVES ARE PLENTIFUL HERE

When you want a new pocket knife think of our big assortment  
for we have a complete variety of handle styles and with from two  
to four blades.

JAIQUES HARDWARE STORE

72 STATE STREET

Ice Cream and Punch

Dancing Parties a Specialty

GEORGE W. AUSTIN

CHARTER CHOCOLATES

33 STATE STREET, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS

# HARRINGTON'S Boys' and Men's Clothing

GIVE US A TRIAL

19 Pleasant Street, opp. Post Office, Newburyport, Mass.

EVERSHARPS

For School Use

50 CENTS

For Sale At

**Pearson's Bookstore**

Newburyport, Mass.

E. W. PEARSON

FLORIST

TELEGRAPH SERVICE TO ALL PARTS  
OF THE UNITED STATES

Flowers for Dances, Special  
Occasions, Etc.

47 State Street

Tel. Conn.

**JACQUES'  
BARBER SHOP**

'NUF SAID

10 Pleasant St., Newburyport

**R. Ed. THURLOW  
SHOES**

11 State Street

Newburyport

**Babb's Shoe Emporium**

13 Pleasant Street

Newburyport

BEST BREAD, CAKE  
and

PASTRY IN TOWN

We Think

**BIDDLE BAKERY**

Compliments of

**J. R. THIBEAULT**

5 Pleasant Street

# L. A. THIBEAULT

DEALER IN

FINE TOILET ARTICLES and BARBERS' SUPPLIES

24 INN STREET, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Patronize Our Advertisers



**GEORGE S. NOYES**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

84 State Street      Newburyport

**MARKSON BROS.**

Men's, Women's and  
Children's Clothes

52 State Street      Newburyport

Compliments  
Of

**LARRY'S PLACE**

**D. S. SAFFORD**

WATCHMAKER  
AND JEWELER

6 Pleasant Street      Newburyport

Compliments  
of

**CASHMAN  
BROS. CO.**

CONTRACTOR  
COAL DEALER

SKATES, SNOWSHOES, SKIES  
CUTLERY, HARDWARE

**WILSON**  
**Hardware**

State Street      Newburyport

**P. H. Kimble & Son**  
JEWELER AND  
OPTOMETRIST

69 State Street      Newburyport

**L. L. PEAVEY**  
**Hardware**

**FRED W. PEABODY**

KODAK SUPPLIES

34 State Street      Newburyport

Compliments  
of

**Merchants National Bank**

**Eaton's Drug Store**

DRUGS AND PHOTO GOODS  
COLLEGE ICES, CHOCOLATES

1 State Street      Newburyport

**ADAMS HOUSE**

Newburyport's Premier  
Eating Place

ALL FOODS      ALL HOURS

THE BEST QUALITY  
ALL HOME COOKING

M. T. Coffey, Prop.  
30 Market Square

---

## DUMMER'S YOUNG MEN

We solicit your patronage. It would afford us great pleasure to demonstrate to you the advantages of making our store your trading center for  
Clothing, Hats and Furnishings

PORTER & ROGERS CO.

---

## Dummer Boys

CLOTHING HATS FURNISHINGS

“Stevens Sells for Less”

THE STEVENS COMPANY

55 PLEASANT STREET NEWBURYPORT

---

## Fowle's News Company

COLLEGE ICES  
CHOCOLATES  
and MAGAZINES

Newburyport Massachusetts



DR. INGHAM



# THE ARCHON

Published by the Students of Dummer Academy  
South Byfield, Massachusetts

---

---

Vol. 10

JUNE, 1922

No. 3

---

---

## THE ARCHON BOARD

### EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Charles Nelson Cutter

### LITERARY EDITORS

V. P. Sanborn

Wm. T. Carpenter

### HOME LIFE EDITOR

Everit B. Terhune '23

### ATHLETICS

Travis N. Ingham

### BUSINESS MANAGER

Storer P. Humphreys '22

### EXCHANGES AND JOKES

E. F. Nash

---

---

The subscription price of the Archon is \$1.00 per year.

---

---

## THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

The wings of Winter are shorn;  
The snows have fled.  
The murky sky has given way  
To that vast dome of blue array,  
And 'round about us every day  
The glorious sun is shed.

The rains have come and gone;  
The sky is clear o'er head.  
Our very selves have given 'way  
To those happy thoughts of the coming day  
And 'round about us as we play  
The swelling buds turn red.

P. P. W. '24.

## SENIOR CLASS REVIEW



John Perry Akins, "Joe," Chelsea, Mass. Dummer 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922. Second team football 1919. Baseball 1920. Ambrose Prize Speaking, 1st prize, 1920. Coach 2nd team baseball 1921. Junior Prom committee 1921. Senior Prom committee 1922. Vice-President Junior class 1921. Minstrel show 1921. Track 1922. Track squad 1920, 1921. Tufts Dental College.

Arle Marion Ashcraft, "Ash," Brookline, Mass. Dummer 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922. Football 1919, 1920. Captain 1921. Basketball 1921, 1922. Track 1921, 1922. Hockey 1921, 1922. Baseball 1920, 1921. Captain 1922. President Junior class 1921. President Senior class 1922. Junior Prom committee 1921. Senior Prom committee 1922. University of Iowa.



Charles Nelson Cutter, "Buttons," Newton Highlands, Mass. Dummer 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922. Archon Board 1921. Editor-in-Chief of Archon 1922. Golf team 1919. Football 1919, 1920, 1921. Baseball 1922. Hockey 1921. Captain 1922. Track 1920, 1921, 1922. Prefect of Senior Dormitory 1921-22. Class Day committee 1922. Orchestra 1919, 1920, 1921. Dummer Cadets 1918. Bowdoin.



Carl Dautel, Jr., "Dautie," Chicago, Ill. Dummer 1920, 1921, 1922. Manager of football 1921. Captain 2nd team baseball 1922. Secretary and treasurer of Senior Class 1922. Class Day committee 1922. Track squad 1921, 1922. University of Illinois.

Spencer Deming Eddy, "Spence," Wellesley Hills, Mass. Dummer 1920, 1921, 1922. Manager of track 1922. Second team football 1920. Football 1921. Hockey 1921. Princeton.



Storer Plumer Humphreys, "Hump" Newburyport, Mass. Dummer 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922. Second team football 1920. Second team baseball 1921. Football 1921. Archon Board 1920, 1921, 1922. Orchestra 1919, 1920, 1921. Dummer Cadets 1918. Harvard.



Francisco Martinez, "Frankie,"  
Spain. Dummer 1902, 1921, 1922.  
Basketball 1922. Massachusetts In-  
stitute of Technology.

Cushman Crowell Morse, "Cy."  
Newtown, Conn. Dummer 1921-1922.  
Football 1921. Massachusetts Insti-  
tute of Technology.



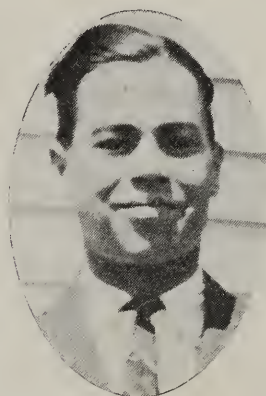
Paul Hicken Newhall, "Whitey."  
Holliston, Mass. Dummer 1920, 1921-  
1922. Vice-President Senior class  
1922. Senior Prom committee 1922.  
Football 1920, 1921. Track squad  
1921, 1922. Dartmouth.





Victor Paul Sanborn, "Chucky."  
Topsfield, Mass. Dummer 1920, 1921,  
1922. Archon Board 1920, 1921, 1922.  
Baseball 1921, 1922. Harvard Club  
Prize 1921. Dartmouth.

Richard Everett Upton, "Uppy,"  
Cleveland, Ohio. Dummer 1918, 1919,  
1921, 1922. Second team football  
1921. Manager of hockey 1922.  
Columbia Art School. [REDACTED]





# LITERARY

## THE SWORD OF PRAYER

He was born with a strange gift of imagination. The world had treated him as she had treated thousands of other young men during the years of 1916—1919. He found himself at a training camp one day, and shortly afterwards a Sergeant in the trenches of France.

It was a foggy, drizzly night, a distant rumbling of guns was the only noise that broke the silence of that deep dug-out save the gnawing and the scampering of well-fed rats. Sergeant Brooks was alone in the mournful silence of a dug-out—a dug-out, how different from the accustomed luxurious home and soft pillows far across the Atlantic. His thoughts lingered there for a moment, and then as he was about to light a cigarette he noticed a rusty steel protruding a little from the earthen wall of the underground room. He tugged and twisted at it for a minute and then, as if someone had been holding the other end, and had suddenly let go, a thin blade slipped out of its bed. Brooks wiped it off and saw that it was an old sword, the tip of which was still sharp and the hilt most gone. Where the hilt and blade met,

was a perfect cross, undoubtedly of gold.

Brooks seated himself on a box, and turning the sword over and over, wondered to what Sir Knight it belonged. The candle on the bunk-sill flickered—a rat gnawed, then scurried—a well fed rat too.

\* \* \*

The Sergeant saw a broad, sunny field, divided by a straight road. From one end of the vast, open stretch road a Knight upon a white horse, whose shield did not bear the accustomed cross, but a Latin verse. He was a large man covered with steel armor. From the other end of the plain rode another Knight. His golden cross glowed forth radiantly in the warm morning sun. He also was a large man and was covered with steel armor. When the two Knights met, they lifted their vizors in recognition. Sergeant Brooks wondering if the lifting of their vizors had anything to do with the modern salute—surely it must.

"I am John from Ayonne," quoth the first in a deep voice, "who are you?"

"I am DeBelthorne, from the Holy Land," answered the other in an equally deep voice, "and I fight in the

name of Jesus Christ."

"Poof," answered the other, "that fellow was alright when he lived but there higher ideals now; I fight in the name of the Will Power of Man."

"And who knows that you fight at all?" challenged the first.

"Step back twenty paces and see," said the other with a sneer.

The Holy Knight clanked his steel visor shut and drew back twenty paces; then he lowered his lance and gave spur to his horse. The other Knight turned, lowered his lance, and shot forward. Then the two came together in a cloud of dust with a great shock. When the dust cleared away, the Knights picked themselves up and, grasping their swords, tried to strike each other to the earth. A severe struggle it was, but not for long. The blows fell lighter and less frequently; finally, exhausted the two Knights fell.

The sun was almost down when DeBelthorne awakened by impatient pawing of his horse upon the ground, arose and hastened to revive his adversary. Soon the Holy Knight opened his eyes and saw a little smile on the face of the Knight who stood over him. John of Ayonne helped DeBethorne to his feet, saying, "It was a great fight, for both Brother, but how strange that we are equal!"

"Yae," replied the other, "but remember what we fought for—you for the Will Power of Man; I, for the Lord."

"Surely these two policies must be equal, or otherwise one of us would have slain the other."

"Surely they must be," replied the other.

By this time the two Knights had mounted their horses.

"Let's to yon inn," quoth DeBelthorne.

And so they rode off—one with a sword, the other without one.

\* \* \*

The trap door of the dug-out opened and Sergeant Clarke entered. "Hello, there, Brooks," he said. "It's almost time to go over."

Brooks jumped up and grabbed his helmet and rifle. "Thanks, Old Top," he said. "See that sword?"

"Yes, where did you get it, and to whom does it belong?"

It came out of the wall there, and it belonged to a Knight named DeBelthorne."

They closed the trap door behind them and climbed a wriggley ladder to the trench. Every man was ready at his post. The time was short and Sergeant Brooks thought of a prayer as did every man before going over. Would it be a prayer in the name of Christ or one in the name of the Will Power of Man? "What is the difference?" he thought, "they are the same."

For a moment he wondered; then he remembered. Some one had told him that Eskimos worshipped a mighty hunter because he could accomplish all they desired. That Christians worshipped Christ because he is the symbol of untiring ambition. He could accomplish anything, and so he was held as the Christian Ideal. The Bible says that Christ is in each one of us and so our own will powers to do good and to accomplish magnificent feats are a part of Christ.

Later it was known that the greatest battle of the war was won because a little Sergeant had secretly told his men that their own will power could accomplish anything, and surely a battle was something.

C. N. C. '22.



## WHAT HAPPENED AT THE "BLUE BEE"

(A True Story of the French Revolution)

On a certain warm June evening in 1791 a solitary traveler on horseback was seen riding down a dusty highway towards a small farmhouse. The day had been especially sultry and the clouds that darkened the sinking sun heralded the approach of a storm. Lightning played in the distance while the low rumbling of thunder echoed among the hills. A great cloud of swirling, choking dust swept along the road and enveloped the horseman entirely.

In a moment or two he brought his steed to a stop before a small inn; one of the many post-houses along the highway which were common in the 18th century, in the days of stage coaches. Beneath its thatched roof and over the door hung a weather beaten sign which bore the faded letters announcing that this was "The Blue Bee."

The traveler tied up his horse in a small shed nearby, and as the rain had already begun to fall in large drops, he hastily entered the inn. He found himself in a small dark room with several benches and tables placed about.

The tavern keeper approached the newcomer with a word of greeting and took his cloak. Then he brought him a bottle of port which the traveler had ordered. To pay for the drink the stranger flung a gold piece on the table. This little act attracted the attention and curiosity of the inn keeper's wife who sat knitting in a gloomy corner. She took in every detail of his costume from his fine lace neck piece to the heavy silver buckles on his shoes.

"A Seigneur," she murmured, eyeing him as a cat eyes a mouse.

A gust of wind and the patter of rain on the panes caused the traveler to rise and go to one of the windows. Peering out through the mist of falling rain he seemed to be listening for something.

Finally he returned and said:

"I have traveled far today and am tired. I am going to bed but if anyone comes here, Monsieur l'Aubergiste let me know instantly."

"It shall be done, Monseigneur," replied his host, bowing, "Madame will show you to your room."

The traveler followed the innkeeper's wife, who held a lighted taper, up a flight of rickety stairs, along a hallway, and into a small, neat bed chamber. Then Madame, bidding him goodnight, departed. Had it not been for the din of nature's elements without, the traveler would have heard the key turning in the lock of his door. But as Fate decreed on that very night, he heard no suspicious sounds. He flung himself upon the bed as if greatly fatigued and soon lay in an unnatural and heavy slumber.

Downstairs Monsieur l'Aubergiste and his wife were conversing in low tones. Every once in a while they would stop and attentively listen.

"They must surely pass here soon if they have taken this route," said the inn keeper, his eyes alight with malice. "Gaston saw the coach at St. Menehould and that was scarcely an hour ago."

"The storm rages, and they will stop here, I am certain," said Madame. "Vive la Republique!"

"We must be cautious, my wife," the inn keeper remarked, "Monseigneur, the Royalist, sleeps heavily upstairs and one does not know when he shall awaken."



"But," replied the woman, producing a key, "voila, he is a prisoner. He can do nothing. Besides the potent in the wine is strong."

So they continued their conversation in husky and excited voices. It was hardly an hour later when they both sprang to their feet, hearing the noise of an approaching coach. It had nearly stopped raining and the clouds were dispersing. The coach came to a stop and a man with a lantern came to the door. It was flung open and a figure nearly hidden in a great coat entered. Flinging off the coat, in a rough tone he asked for some wine and food to bring out to some ladies in the post chaise.

The new comer was dressed in the finery of a valet from the court. But Monsieur l'Aubergiste recognized this personage as another, the fugitive Louis XVI. The ill-fated king, his wife Marie-Antoinette, and their two children, all in disguise, had stolen from the turbulent city of Paris that evening to flee to safety in the army of the Loyalists in the east. The menacing mob in Paris had assumed such a dangerous attitude that the lives of the royal family were imperiled. Following the example of many of the French nobility they had finally resorted to flight.

The innkeeper covered up any signs of suspicion under a mask of servility and said:

"I pray you, my good fellow, wait a moment until I draw some excellent wine from my casks below."

Saying this, he withdrew and in a moment with a candle in one hand was groping his way in a small wine-cellar at the back of the tavern. Instead of directly drawing some wine he felt his way to a small door and opened it. Outside was a little vegetable garden and a shed or two. A peasant stood waiting there holding

the bridle of a horse.

"Hasten, Gaston!" hoarsely whispered Monsieur l'Aubergiste, "they are here. Ride like the wind to Varennes and notify our worthy Republicans to be on the watch. Now depart!"

In a moment the messenger was already out of sight galloping across the country as if his steed had wings. The inn keeper returned up stairs with the wine. The disguised king, his strong, white face half lit with anxiety and with suspicion took the wine and food and returning the innkeeper's goodnight, left. Soon the sound of wheels died out in the distance.

The host of the "Blue Bee" returned to his wife, who had silently been looking on at this bit of drama which had just been enacted before her eyes.

"They will never reach their destination," he said, with a sardonic smile.

Upstairs the traveler had just awaked from his drugged sleep to hear the carriage wheels growing distant. He sprang with an effort from bed, ran to the door, and found it locked. Then he threw himself against the door and after several powerful heaves with his shoulders, it gave way. He rushed down stairs nearly knocking his treacherous host over and ran out to the shed. His horse was gone.

"Too late!" he muttered, despairingly between his teeth, "they cannot be warned. All this is due to my carelessness! Curse these Jacobins!"

It did little good to fume and wail, so the traveler, who was none other than the Counte de R....., favorite of Louis, returned to the inn.

Meanwhile the post chaise carrying its royal load entered the slumbering town of Varennes. There were fresh

horses waiting in the upper village, but the king, ignorant of the fact, had stopped at the lower village. For an hour he argued with the postillions who refused to go further for they had expected relief. This delay was fatal, for Gaston had delivered his message, and the Republicans were out searching for the coach load of royalty.

Finally the postillions consented to drive on. As the carriage came to the bridge which divided Varennes in two parts, they found it was barricaded. The big coach came to a sudden stop. Marie-Antoinette uttered a little scream and clutched her children to her. Louis grew pale. Muskets were thrust in the coach and a few gruff voices said:

"Your passports?"

The game was up. It was better not to struggle. The little party was arrested and brought to the house of a village functionary for the night. Although the Royalist Army was not distant, the village was protected. The next day the fugitives were brought back to Paris. Vast crowds received them silently and with curiosity.

At the "Blue Bee" life went on as usual. Monsieur l'Aubergiste often wondered what might have come to pass if the King and Queen had reached the ranks of the Royalists. A year or two of history might have been changed. That was all perhaps.

W. T. C. '23.

---

### THE PERSIAN KNIFE

The room, large and cozy was lit by a mellow light. On the hearth was a slow burning fire that mocked the bitterness of the outside wind. Around the dinner table in the center were seated three young men. The host,

"Chuck" Sheppard, from China was a "Tech" Senior. The second was a friend of Sheppard's whom he had met in the Far East, and had been introduced to me as Mr. Quinn. He was of medium height, wirey, though a bit stocky, with dark brown hair, and black remarkable eyes, and the third was myself. As we sat there smoking over a demi-tasse, I noticed a puzzled expression come over Quinn's face, as though he were trying to recall where he had met me before. A slight laugh escaped my lips.

"Fellows who laugh to themselves don't belong around here," Chuck remarked jestingly, as we rose from the table. "Come on in by the fire; tell us about your last trip Miguel," continued Sheppard, addressing himself to me. We seated ourselves about the fire-place in the softly lit room; the weird dancing silhouettes flashing on the walls. My mind carried me back five years, to a scene enacted in a few exciting minutes . . . .

"I was in Hong Kong; a motly crowd surged before me at the corner of Devoux Road. I was watching. Suddenly I spied the striking face of a young man. An insolent rickshaw collier spun around the corner scattering the people before him, then all faded away, and I was on the S. S. 'Loonsang.' The miserable little tub, her twelve cubby holes sumptuously called cabins, was a regular cargo vessel bound for Manila. If weather was good, the captain informed me we should make it in four days, a run of six hundred miles. The first meal on board passed without incident. At the table were three passengers, the captain, the first officer and myself.

"After dinner we all went on deck to get what fresh air there was. I was chatting with the other two passengers when the door of the cabin next to mine opened, and out of it



stepped a man, to be sure a very ordinary looking man, except that his face was the one that had so startled me in Hong Kong, some three days before. He went over to the rail and leaned against it, smoking the while in silence. There seemed to be an attitude of wariness the day I spied him, but he seemed to be at ease tonight. Suddenly I had a great longing to speak to this chap, to know more about him; he became of more than ordinary interest to me. My mind was set. Strolling over I borrowed a match of my man of Hong Kong, remarking at the time about the black oily smoothness of the sea. In a short while we were chatting in quite a friendly manner. There is something about the sea that tends to make acquaintance easily. I found we had mutual interests. He knew the Orient well, and there were places in the States—in New York that we both knew. I had had plenty of time to study my man, to probe him. 'What is your hobby, I asked at length. 'Curios' he replied. 'I have been collecting Oriental stuff some time. Would you care to see any of it?'

"Leaving the deck, we entered his cabin. 'Oh, by the way,' he said, giving me his hand, 'my name's Gray.' I shook hands without hesitation, giving him my name in reply.

"It has often been said that a man's character may be revealed by the way he wears his clothes, and the appearance of his abode. The striking thing about this man's stateroom was the prevalent disorder. A few old Chinese rugs were heaped in one corner; the bunk was not made up; the washstand looked as though it had never been cleaned. There were a few old prints, probably from Kyoto, piled up near the cupboard, while on the rickety table in the cabin was spread an array of valuable trinkets. Many

were Chinese and Indian, the fancy shell work came from Borneo; the curious ear-rings from the northern Philippines, and the colored gems from Ceylon. Amongst that odd collection, however, the thing that took my eye was a small Persian Kybur knife. It was a beautiful piece of work; the embossed blade of dull steel; the fancily carved gold hilt and with all, the radiant ruby that was set so majestically in its base. The scabbard was of copped colored leather, inlaid with silver filigree.

"'Isn't it a beauty,' he said, viewing my glance. 'I got it from a chief in Mindanao. They are Mohammedans down there you know. The knife is supposed to have some sort of a history too, belonged to a rajah or something like that in Persia a good many years ago.'

"While I was listening to his account he was tidying things up a bit, talking all the while. I had moved over to the wash stand, on which was a curious looking cigarette holder. I was silently admiring it, and was just about to inquire as to its origin when I perceived something rather odd reflected in the small mirror before me. With a rapid and sly motion I saw Gray take a small package wrapped up in onion paper from beneath the rugs, and place it in one of the black lacquer boxes, which he in turn transferred to his coat pocket. The incident had taken but a moment, and I perceived no trace of suspicion in his face, as I turned around holding the cigarette holder in my hand inquiringly. He did not know that I had seen his actions. Then a strange thing happened. The door of the cabin was flung open and a revenue officer nimbly stepped in, covering both of us with an ugly looking '45.

"'Well Kenston,' he said, 'I guess we got you this time all right. Quick!

over with that opium, and make it fast.' A pause, silence. Then for the second time that night something happened. With a tiger like spring Gray had knocked out the light, grasped the Kyber knife, and all in the same motion, struck at the officer pinning him against the wall. At the same moment his other hand dropped a small phial. Immediately the room was filled with a dense smoke, enabling Gray to slip through the door, knock the guard off his balance, and then running to the rail, to jump overboard. A splash of water, a ripple of bubbling phosphorescence, and he was gone in the night. During those few moments, I had acted quickly. Pocketing the cigarette-holder. I jumped over and pulled the knife from the officer's shoulder, which was bleeding profusely, and thrust it into my blouse. The smoke bomb soon cleared. The revenue officer who was still unconscious, had meanwhile been cared for, and this done, the room and its contents were taken into custody by the guard. A good many questions were asked me, but with the help of my pass port, showing my nationality and date of sailing, etc. together with the captains' vouching that I had but come aboard that day, I satisfied the authorities, although I knew that I was being kept under surveillance. I was not bothered again. The day before we made port, Crockett, the revenue officer, who was already on deck, told me about this fellow who gave me his name as Gray, but whose real name apparently was Kenston. It appeared that Kenston had been passing for a curio merchant for the last six months, but was in truth, a smuggler, dealing in opium with the influential Chinese of Manila. At that time there was no ban on opium in China, and the Secret Service on the British Side, worked together with

those in the American possessions, and in that way caught a good many law breakers." "It was through Crockett that I learned about the fake curios, and the rhinestone gems—from New York. Kenston did have something that I have been trying to lay my hands on for some time though," he said. It was a knife that he "crooked" from a datu in Jolo. It was a 'beut', all gold and fine steel, with a wonderful ruby set in the end of the hilt, I was told. I guess it has gone to the bottom with him though," he said, grimly, laying his right hand over the wound in his shoulder. "For" he continued, "I had radio messages broadcast for his capture with no results. He would not have survived that cold water very long anyway

"So, my man of HongKong was a smuggler; his name was Kenston, not Gray. True, he was a "runner" but there was something in that last act of his that took more courage than skill, than the ordinary criminal could summon."

The fire on the hearth in that room on Beacon Street had died down, and the soft light seemed softer than ever. Quinn had been watching me closely throughout my story. I returned his steady gaze frankly, a slight smile on my lips. I laughed again, but this time to myself. Chuck's gaze was on the hypnotic coals.

"It has been five years since then," I continued, "but I have seen my man, recently too! Hong Kong is a free port you know, and remember that we were only out a few hours. Well Kenston jumped overboard, hoping to be picked up by a steamer, being in the regular rout. He must have been a good swimmer though, for no steamer picked him up. An old Chinese junk bound for Amoy, French Indo China did. There he sold his opium, gathered quite a sum of money, and



made straight for good old U. S. A. New York of course. He invested the remaining sum in a 'skin' deal in the Metropolis, and got 'hooked', I believe he has been going straight since then, however," I said, looking at Quinn. "And here is the knife," I said, fishing it out of my pocket, and handing it to Quinn, 'Possibly you have seen it before?' This time Sheppard came out of his reverie. He seemed fascinated with that piece of Persian art. 'Well Chuck,' I said, 'What do you think of it?' He made no reply. 'You son of a sea pirate,' I snapped, 'Do you deny that it's yours?'

"His face was just as grave as before, but a light of a smile shone in his eyes.

" 'Hm,' drawled Sheppard, 'What did you figure on?'

" 'That was easy. French Indo China is the only place I know of that you could have disposed of that stuff without being nabbed. Knowing that no steamer had picked you up, I took a pot-luck guess.' I smiled.

'Most junks go via Rangoon or Amoy. Really Chuck, I didn't know that you had it in you.' He laughed. 'My life has been pretty alert at times you know.'

"A few minutes later both Sheppard and Quinn came to the door to bid me 'good night.'

" 'By the way,' I said to Quinn, 'here is something that belongs to you.' I dropped a curious looking cigarette-holder into his hand. Near the stem were the initials A. C. It was Crockett's!

"I heard a muffled exclamation of surprise as I shut the door behind me, and went out into the snowy night. My course led up the avenue. I was in excellent spirits; in fact I felt quite happy, even buoyant, with a false pride. But little I knew that I left behind me a bonanza, for in the hollowed handle of the Kybur knife, beneath the ruby, was sealed the secret of the largest gold deposit in the Philippines!"

P. P. W.

## THE CLASS PROPHECY

It was now fall and good hunting was predicted in a northern county of Maine. I arrived about dusk at my uncle's cabin after a long walk through unknown woods. After I had set free my two dogs, Prince and Rex, and had set my guns in a corner, I built a fire in the huge field-stone fireplace. I had eaten a good supper but half an hour before, and felt not a little tired after my half day's tramp. The fire was now blazing merrily and I drew up a ponderous cabin chair, heartily enjoying the warmth of the leaping flame. I lit a cigar and peered thoughtfully into the blazing logs. The sudden crackling of the dry wood became less audible and the leaping flames became as the sun, one round sphere of fire. My gaze was concentrated as though the sphere held my eye captive. The sphere parted slowly and revealed a peaceful country roadside. The apple blossoms fluttered lazily to the ground, and a robin sang in the topmost limb of a particularly beautiful tree which was being transferred to a piece of canvas by the delicate touch of a master's brush. As he turned to view the tree, I beheld Richard Upton. I was about to speak to "Dick," when the whole scene faded, and a vast desert stretched before me in the distance.

A beautiful Oriental city, its spired temples on the horizon. A caravan was leaving by the Eastern Gate. As it approached me, I saw Carl Dautel on the first camel. He was talking about his important research work to Sanborn who followed him. Their

conversation was in a foreign tongue, probably Egyptian, as I made out from their dress. A dark cloud swept suddenly across the scene and instead of hump-backed camels walking leisurely along, I saw a troop of well-groomed horses. The royal party upon them was led by Francisco Martinez, now the King of Spain. All at once they drew up before an open cafe, at the side of which hung a golden sign, "La Imperiale Cafe de Madrid." The tinkling of glasses and the merry laughter of the robust men could be heard at times above the weird Spanish melodies. There was a stage at the right to which all eyes were turned; the laughing ceased, and the Spanish guitars began. Two dancers appeared; one with beautiful, long, black hair, laughing eyes, and lithe movement. Her orange-and-black costume contrasted perfectly with the milder colors of her partner's "trahe." I was reminded of "Joe" Akins and how he danced at school.

I heard a whining and a scratching at the door. It took me some moments to realize where I was, and that my dogs wanted to come in. I opened the door, and my two pointers bounded in; they sniffed around a bit, and settled down near the fire. Then I replenished the dying embers, and again seated myself in the easy chair. My thoughts wandered once more, and again my gaze fell upon that fiery sphere. Into my view came a man, standing upon a platform, speaking. As the vision became clearer, it ap-

peared that he was speaking before the Senate. His subject was intently listened to by the audience of thoughtful Senators. Obviously the speech fascinated one section, and seemed to displease another. But, at the end, the speaker had the whole Senate with him. Senator Cutter was congratulated for his marvelous oration on "An Important Political Discussion."

I left the Senate House and bought the "Washington Star." Turning to the sport section, I found that Ashcraft had made two home runs that afternoon for the Red Sox. Upon reading further, I discovered that Spencer Eddy was the noted manager of this team.

This scene slowly faded, and a broad highway stretched before me. Two cars were racing toward each other, both apparently thinking of

reaching their destination, rather than the on-coming car ahead. A crash followed and the light faded as the logs settled. I was in a hospital; beside me was a doctor examining a person all bandaged. The latter I recognized as Newhall, who was explaining to Dr. Humphreys how he unfortunately collided with Morse's speedster. I asked Dr. Humphreys how badly I was hurt. He told me I would be all right in a few days. He felt of my pulse; . . . .

I awoke from my stupor and felt "Prince" lapping my hand. The fire was almost out; the room was chilly. I shuddered; then threw on some huge logs. A faint streak of light in the east window betrayed the coming of dawn. "Time to turn in," I said half aloud, "what a class it has turned out to be!"

## SENIOR CLASS WILL

Let all men know that we, the class of 1922 of Dummer Academy, Town of Newbury, County of Essex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, knowing the grave uncertainties of this our present life, and being still of sound mind and good memory, do make, declare, and publish this our last will and testament:

To the Moodyites we bequeath a fleet of Mack trucks to run their triangles with.

To "Abie" Eakins we leave the milk wagon to drive to breakfast in.

To Edmund Berry a quart of "Peck's" contraband whiskey to prevent him from somnambulating in the daytime.

To Edward F. Nash we will one portable joke book.

To James Bronson Gardiner we give a tooth brush and the price of a hair cut not to be obtained from Paul Jones.

To Churchill Blossom Groves an engagement ring to be presented to Sophie on his arrival at Washington.

To Rowland Smith we leave a "shekel"—(Try and Get It!)

To Roger Budgell we bequeath an automatic card-stacker.

To "Desh" Lovatt and E. A. Ferd-

inand a Turkish pipe to be installed in the chimney before next Fall.

To William Carpenter we give subscriptions to all the "movie" magazines.

To Richard Dalton we leave the back seat on the left hand side in the Strand.

To Sherman and Osborn we bequeath a Buick in which to go to the "Beach" Sunday afternoons.

To Travis N. Ingham a can of flea powder to be used on "Mike" and on himself,—if necessary.

To Parker E. Purinton we leave a witless American room-mate for next year.

To "Peck" Haley we leave a patent leather suitcase to smuggle "booze" across the border in.

To William D. English a new Latin "trot" to take the place of the one he wore out this year.

To Ernest A. Ferdinand we will the entire food supply of his end of the table, and the right-of-way to the mansion house.

To IRVIN R. Jackson we give a new suit of "B. V. D.'s" not to be borrowed from Terhune.



To Robert "Queer" Jones the Water-Viliet Arsenal in which to keep his artillery.

To Robert C. Foster we leave a nurse maid, which he badly needs.

To Everit Bogent Terhune, Jr., we bequeath a key to his wardrobe.

To Harold "Willie" Poole a complete plumber's outfit for next year's teams.

To Mr. Webber we give every week-end to be spent in Brookline.

To Dr. Ingham an "O. K." stamp for the week-end book.

To the "Trustees" we leave what is left of the "New Gym."

To the class of '23 we bequeath our places in the school-house and the use of the Commons.

To the Faculty we give our sincere thanks for all that they have done for (to) us.

We do appoint Mr. Reagan and Mr. Webber as executors of this our last

will and testament.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our signatures and seals in the presence of the witnesses on this the twenty-second day of May in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two.

This is the last will and testament of the class of 1922.

CARL DAUTEL, JR.  
CHARLES N. CUTTER,  
FRANCISCO MARTINEZ,  
CUSHMAN C. MORSE,  
PAUL H. NEWHALL,  
VICTOR P. SANBORN,  
SPENCER D. EDDY,  
JOHN P. AKINS,  
STORER P. HUMPHREYS..

Witnesses:

CHARLES S. INGHAM,  
GEORGE A. WICKSON,  
HAROLD W. POOLE,  
WALTER J. FARRELL,  
PAUL G. DeROSAY,  
CHESTER R. EARLE.



FACULTY



JUNIOR CLASS



### THE RADIOTELEPHONE IN THE HOME

How would you like to sit in your own living room after the day's work is done, and be able to talk to a far distant friend or relative, or listen to a lecture being delivered by some prominent speaker in a distant city—Chicago, New York, or Denver, perhaps; or enjoy a good opera performance being given in Chicago; or listen to the music of an orchestra or band playing in St. Louis or St. Paul; or, perhaps, move back the furniture, roll up the rugs and dance to music which has its origin many miles away?

How would you like to know every evening what kind of weather the latest returns of the Weather Bureau indicate that the morrow will bring; what the different markets are, if you are a farmer, what the hog market is, the egg market, or the corn market; in fact, what the closing price of the day happens to be on any product which you may have for sale?

The government bureaus are co-operating with the needs of those who

own farms by sending out daily weather forecasts and storm warnings, market reports and correct time signals.

In addition to the advantages of the radiotelephone just mentioned, there are numerous other advantages. The radiotelephone brings the world to the operator's finger tips. He may listen to the news of a flood in Colorado, a train wreck in New York, a new attempt to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, or whatever the latest news may be; relatives and friends living miles apart may keep in close touch with each other. Phonograph, instrumental or vocal music is as easily transmitted as the human voice, and all may be heard with the same set of receiving instruments.

There is a certain grocer in Des Moines, Iowa, who talks to his customers by radiophone, giving them prices on staple goods and advertising his special sales. Many people within a good radius listen to his reports, spread the news to their neighbors, and then go to take advantage of the special sales. That grocer says it pays



to advertise by radiophone.

Operas, orchestra music, band concerts and lectures may be heard without the trouble and expense of going to the theatre, auditorium or lecture hall. If one has a knowledge of the International Morse Code, many additional things of interest may be heard by using the same instruments as for the radiotelephone.

Have you a radiotelephone in your home? If not, get one as soon as possible, and join the happy throng of those who have outfits.

---

### EDUCATION

The great world-war that was brought to an end by the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, has been the cause of numerous new demands and needs. One of the greatest of these is the need of education.

The schools and colleges arose to meet the call for men and willingly gave thousands of their best students to the war. Now they are rallying themselves again to meet the increased need of education.

Teachers, and men and women at the head of American colleges, realized that after the war it would be the educated men and women who would be called for and who would succeed.

In most colleges the standards for entrance have been raised, thus making it necessary for preparatory pupils to make a more thorough preparation for college.

Education is no longer a luxury; it has become a necessity. Added emphasis is constantly placed on the fact that every American boy needs and must have a broader, more thorough education.

In America's call for trained men for the war there was no call for us, the younger boys of the nation. But now that the war is over, and there is a slump in business and probably will be for some time to come, we must do our best to prepare ourselves to meet the obstacles which we will encounter.

We are preparing ourselves now to be able to meet these difficulties efficiently. Every day we are climbing one step higher on the ladder of education that will bring our final success.

V. P. S. '22.

---

### GRADUATION

One more year has rolled away, and the time has come again for graduation exercises. May each one of the Class of 1922 who is to graduate have accomplished something toward the goal for which he is striving. May each one feel that the school days which he has spent at Dummer Academy have not been spent in vain. And lastly may each one in time to come, look back upon the years spent at Dummer with sentiments of loyalty and affection for the preparatory school which fostered him in his youth.

V. P. S. '22.



### DANCING SCHOOL RECEPTION

On April 21, the annual dancing school party was held in the large gymnasium under the direction of Mrs. Ingham, and Mrs. Kimball of Newburyport, the dancing teacher. This was where the famous Moodyites had their chance to shine, and they certainly did. The music was supplied by some girls from Newburyport, and part of the Pierce Hall Orchestra. Refreshments were served and everybody had a thoroughly good time, departing at the late hour of ten o'clock.

Pierce Hall Orchestra of Dummer, consisting of Jackson, piano and saxophone, Jones, clarinet, Foster, banjo, and Small, drums, rendered a few selections of popular pieces. One of the events of the evening was a spelling match by the few Dummer boys who attended the supper. Jackson won the prize, he being the one who spelt the least number of words wrong in ten minutes. These suppers are enjoyed greatly by the Dummer fellows, and we hope they will continue next year.

### CHURCH SUPPER

On April 22, at 6.30, a church supper was given at the chapel of the Byfield Congregational church. The supper as usual was very good and all who attended this, did ample justice to the meal. After supper an entertainment was held in the hall, and the

### THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

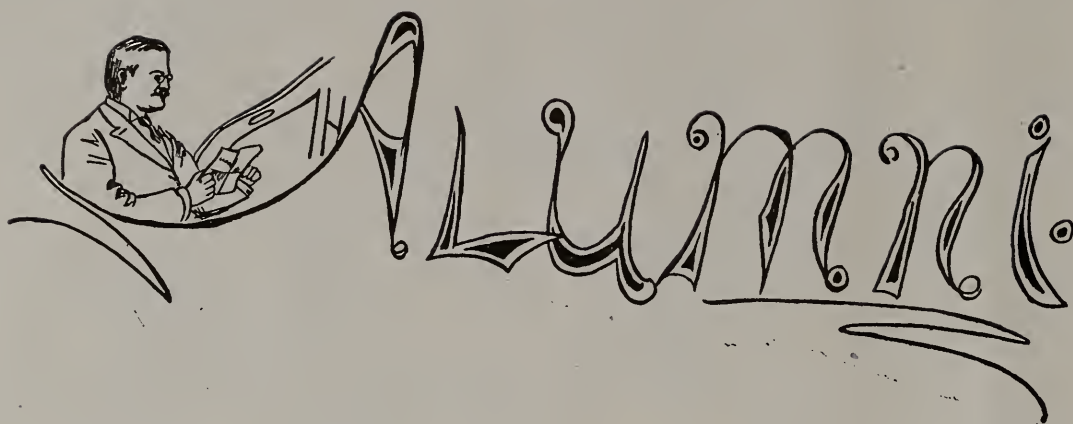
The annual Promenade of the Junior Class was held on April 29, in the Lang Gymnasium. The committee consisting of Paul Thomas, Edward Nash and Ernest Ferdinand, certainly deserve much credit for the success of this dance, which was declared by most of the fellows to be the best so far this year. Potter's five piece

orchestra from Peabody played, and they certainly lived up to their reputation. The Gym was artistically decorated with college banners, and red and white festoons strung across from wall to wall. Towards the end of the dance, confetti was distributed, and some of the more gallant of our number were almost smothered by showers of this from the admiring young Mam'selles. But there is an end to everything, so at the last stroke of twelve, a tired, but thoroughly happy crowd left the gym, and returned to their respective domiciles.

### THE SENIOR PROM

The Seniors held their Prom on the evening before Memorial Day. The gymnasium was decorated with streamers and banners, and the music furnished by the Marion Chase Players of Danvers, was especially good. The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sherman of Winchester, and the generous donors of the gymnasium, Mr. and Mrs. Lang of Melrose.

We wonder if the scarcity of decorations and punch was due to the lack of funds or to the profiteering of the committee.



## ALUMNI NOTES

- '87 For the second time in three years the shoe factory of Fred W. Baker, Georgetown, burned recently.
- '04 Charles H. Beane is with the Fourth Atlantic National Bank of Boston.
- '15 Richard S. Bushnell, who graduated from Harvard last June, is taking an engineering course at M. I. T.
- '17 The death of John Murray Caldwell of Ipswich has not been mentioned in the Archon up to this issue.
- '12 Giles Curtis Campbell expects to move in June from Worcester to Dallas, Texas. He is with the Travelers Insurance Company.
- '14 Harold Coleman is with the United Drug Company in Boston.
- '13 Roger Coulter, after finishing his course at the Harvard Law School, will practice in Boston.
- '14 Harry T. Cutter is with the Fern Shoe Company in Newburyport.
- '14 Paul G. DeRosay, who has been teaching Mathematics at Dummer this year, will return to Harvard for graduate study next year.
- '68 Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dummer during this past winter have been visiting the Pacific Coast. On their return they went to the Canal Zone.
- '18 Maxwell Glen has returned to Lehigh University.
- '12 E. R. Hatheway is in the roofing business with W. E. Bassett & Co.
- '92 D. Thomas Healy's work in radiography has received general recognition for uniform excellence.



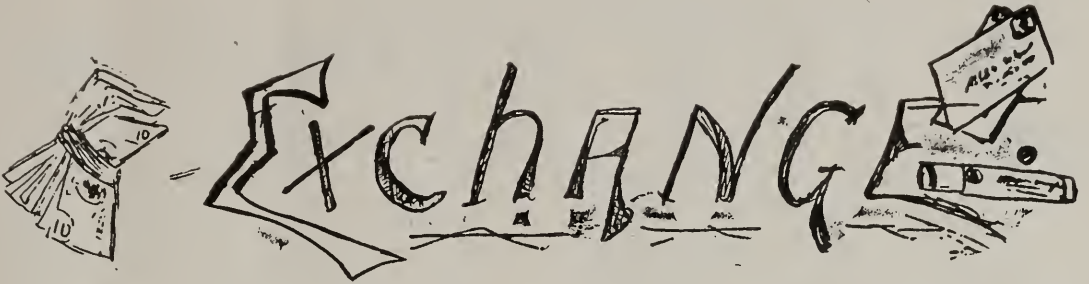
- '14 James L. Howe, Jr., has taken a teaching position in China. usual ones of his have appeared in the Saturday Evening Post.
- '19 Thornton Hilton finished his college course in three years with high credit.
- '20 Fred W. Ingham is rowing on the Sophmore crew at Yale.
- '13 Robert Gillespie Johnson was killed in an automobile accident last summer.
- '10 Francis C. Keif is in the paper business at Millintnocket, Me.
- '66 Charles F. Knight, one of the oldest of the Dummer boys, passed away two months ago at the home of his daughter in Whitman, Mass.
- '17 Jim Knowles is rapidly making a name for himself as a flour salesman.
- '87 Arthur W. Moody, after serving 26 years as Treasurer of the town of Newbury, retired this spring. He is now a candidate for Representative from his home district.
- '18 Albert W. Moore is the proud father of a son J. J. 2nd. The youngster is quite a boy now.
- '19 Carey Yale Morse, J. Frederick Waring, and Frederick Ingham are Dummer's Yale representatives at present.
- '11 John H. Neill is practicing law in Amesbury with fine success.
- '83 George Kibbe Turner has a great vogue as a writer of short stories. Some very unusual ones of his have appeared in the Saturday Evening Post.
- '91 Maurice Lacroix, for the past two years teacher of French and mathematics at Dummer, has been in poor health for several months.
- '95 Moses Bradstreet Perkins is headmaster of the Abbot School Farmington, Maine.
- '14 John C. Sawyer is running his father's farm in Topsfield.
- '14 Richard Barker prepared for West Point but went into the shoe business instead in St. Louis. He later changed to the automobile business. Report says he is about to be married.
- '68 Frederick S. Moseley retired from the firm of F. S. Moseley & Company at the first of the year.
- '04 A. F. Pettingill is with the Cambridge Gaslight Company. He may be addressed at 751 Massachusetts Avenue.
- '18 Louis Saunders is a member of the Norwich University Polo team.
- Mr. Alfred Ordway passed away after a long illness at his home in Bradford on May 6th. Mr. Ordway was widely known as a lover of art and poetry. He numbered among his friends Whittier, Turner and Ruskin. He owns a collection of Turner's etchings and rare books. He was a trustee of the Academy from 1909 to his death.
- The Sons of Dummer are actively

engaged in raising a fund for a new library. The treasurer, Mr. Willis Chapman of Swampscott, heads the movement.

James E. Sleeper, known to all the

Dummer boys of the past dozen years, was presented with a purse of about \$200 recently, given by the boys and others in recognition of his helpful-

ness to all who knew him.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Archon gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:

The Echo, Winthrop High school, Winthrop, Mass.

The Blue Pencil, Walnut Hill school, Natick, Mass.

The Integrator, Clarkson College of Technology, Potsdam, New York.

The Chronicle, Hartford Public High School, Hartford, Conn.

The Huntington Record, Huntington School, Boston, Mass.

The Owlet, Hartford High School, Hartford, Conn.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.

The Brewster, Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Browning Buzzer, Browning School, New York City.

The Mohonk Sentinel, Mohonk School, Mohonk, N. Y.

The Record, Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.

The Nobleman, Noble and Greenough School, Brookline, Mass.

The Round-Up, Reading High School, Reading, Mass.

The Tiger, Ipswich High School, Ipswich, Mass.

The Carteret, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

The Tiltonian, Tilton Academy, Tilton, N. H.

The Good Will, Whittier State School, Whittier, Calif.

The Red and Gray, Lynn English High School, Lynn, Mass.

The Quill, Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

## AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Round-Up:

Very attractive paper. Why not enlarge your Exchange Department?

The Eltrurian:

Rather a small Athletic Department for a school of your size. Very good Exchange Department, but why not have some comments?

The Nobleman:

You have a very good Athletic De-

partment, but a few more jokes would improve your paper.

The Tripod:

Your cuts are excellent. Glad to see your paper come so regularly.

The Mohonk Sentinel:

The Literary Department of your paper contains some very interesting stories. Why not comment on your exchanges?

The Browning Buzzer:

Where are your jokes? Your stories and comments were good.





## BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1922

	Opp.	Dummer
Manning H S.	0	8
Roxbury Latin	2	8
Hampton Academy	1	7
Holton H. S.	9	5
Amesbury H. S.	9	2
Country Day School	4	8
Allen Mil. Acad. (13 inn.)	7	8
Hampton Academy	3	4
Holton H. S.	5	4
Pinkerton Acad.	4	9
Capt. Ashcraft. Manager, Mulholland Coach, Poole.		

The Groton and Pinkerton games were cancelled on account of rain.

The two remaining games are to be played with Amesbury and the Dummer Alumni.

## DUMMER 8—IPSWICH 0

On Patriot's Day we opened our baseball season by defeating Manning High of Ipswich 8 to 0, on our own field. Although this was the first game of the season, Coach Poole used only nine men. Osborn pitched for us and showed excellent ability, striking out 10 men and allowing only one hit. Dondero took the mound for Ipswich but retired in the third inning in favor of Gould. Gould had steam and control but our players found him for six clean hits.

The line-up:

## DUMMER

Sherman, c  
 Sanborn, 1b  
 Ashcraft, ss  
 Trask, lf  
 Osborn, p  
 Thomas, 3b  
 Cutter, 2b  
 Hinds, rf  
 Purinton, cf  
 Runs, Capt. Ashcraft 3,  
 Thomas, Trask, Hinds.

## MANNING

2b, Wilders  
 3b, MacCarthy  
 3b, p, Gould  
 p, 3b, Dondero  
 lf, Whittier  
 c, Swashy  
 cf, Kalaboke  
 1b, Dunn  
 rf, Callahan

## HOLTEN HIGH 9—DUMMER 5

Holten High of Danvers gave us our first setback on May 3rd when they defeated us 9 to 5 on our own field. Loose fielding and errors counted heavily against us.

Thomas passed the first and second Danvers men, striking out the third batter. Then Moriarty, clean-up man, hit to Osborn, who made an error letting in one run. With the bases full Poor of Danvers hit to Purinton who misjudged the ball and made a bad error, letting in three runs.

With this handicap against us, we came in for our first bats. Sherman flied out but Sanborn got a two-bagger. Ashcraft hit through short and scored "Chuck." "Ash" stole second and came home on Trask's two base hit. Osborn was thrown out at first, but Trask advanced to second, stole third, and came home on a hit by



FOOTBALL TEAM

Thomas. We had nearly overcome their lead, as the score stood 4 to 3.

There was no scoring in the second inning. In the third Moriarty, first man up for Danvers, knocked a homer to left field where the ball became lost in the underbrush. Danvers scored once more in this inning on our errors. We failed to score in our half. They got two more runs on our errors in the fourth. Osborn then took the mound for us and held his opponents successfully.

Ash scored for us in the eighth, reaching first on a hit, stealing second, and coming home on a hit by Thomas. The score now stood 8 to 4 in favor of Danvers. Our opponents scored once more in the last inning on a base on balls, a steal and a hit. In our half Hinds opened with a hit to center field and stole second. Purinton hit to the field scoring Hinds. Sherman struck out and Purinton was tagged out at second. Sanborn flied out, ending the game with a score of 9 to 5 against us.

The line-up:

DUMMER	HOLTEN
Sherman, c	3b, Brown
Sanborn, 1b	2b, Devareme
Ashcraft, ss	1b, Shinnick
Trask, lf	c, Moriarty
Osborn, 3b, p	cf, McCaffrey
Thomas, p, 3b	lf, Poor
Cutter, 2b	rf, Lord
Hinds, rf	ss, Ambrose
Purinton, cf	p, Skinner

Runs—Ashcraft 2, Moriarty 2, McCaffrey 2, Sanborn, Trask, Hinds, Brown, Devareme 3, Shinnick.

#### DUMMER 8—ROXBURY LATIN 2

Roxbury Latin was our second victim on Saturday, the 22nd, and was defeated by an 8 to 2 score on our field. Osborn warmed up in the box

during the first two innings and then Thomas succeeded him and pitched a fine game. At the end of the eighth inning he had 13 strike-outs to his credit. We failed to score until the fourth inning as our boys experienced difficulty in connecting with Hoch's slow-ball. However in the fourth, Trask was hit by the pitcher and soon after scored our first run. Two more came in the fifth and one in the sixth. The seventh was our big inning as both Sherman, Ashcraft, Sanborn and Trask made runs in quick succession. Robertson made Roxbury's two in the second and fourth inning.

The work of our team on the whole was good and there were very few errors. The lineup was practically the same as in the Ipswich game.

The line-up:

DUMMER	ROXBURY
Sherman, c	ss, Gillies
Sanborn, 1b	cf, Canon
Ashcraft, ss	3b, Hurd
Trask, lf	1b, Brown
Osborn, p, 3b	rf, Griffin
Thomas, 3b, p	2b, Moss
Cutter, 2b	2b, O'Keefe
Hinds, rf	lf, Robertson
Nash, cf	p, Hoch
Purinton, cf	c, McDonald

Runs—Thomas 2, Cutter 2, Hinds 2, Robertson 2, Trask, Osborn, Purinton.

#### DUMMER 7—HAMPTON 1

On Saturday following our victory over Roxbury we again won, defeating Hampton Academy 7 to 1 on their home grounds. Osborn was not quite up to his usual form, so Thomas entered the box in the 8th and finished the game.

Up to our half of the ninth inning the score was 2 to 1 in our favor, Trask and Thomas having scored runs





BASKETBALL TEAM



in the 2nd. Our players had had bad luck at the bat until the ninth. Osborn was first man up and got to first on an error by the first baseman. Thomas hit safely, advancing Osborn to second. Cutter sacrificed to the field and Osborn scored. Hinds bunted and reached first as Thomas crossed the plate. Purinton was next up and was hit by the pitcher, stole second and third, and came home on Sherman's hit. Sherman stole second and came home on Sanborn's hit, making the score 7 to 1. Sanborn reached 3rd base but died there when Ash fled out and Trask fanned, ending the game.

The line-up:

DUMMER	HAMPTON
Sherman, c	p, Clark
Sanborn, 1b	3b, Booker
Ashcraft, ss	cf, M. Moore
Trask, lf	1b, Hunter
Osborn, p, 3b	c, C. Moore
Thomas, 3b, p	2b, Thompson
Cutter, 2b	rf, Towle
Hinds, rf	lf, Farnsworth
Purinton, cf	ss, Teaque
	lf, Farnsworth

Runs—Thomas 2, Sherman, Trask, Osborn, Hinds, Purinton and C. Moore.

#### AMESBURY 9—DUMMER 2

Amesbury High came down on the 10th and gave us our second defeat by the score of 9 to 2. Thomas pitched for us but had no support. All our players were "off" and errors were frequent. Although we got as many hits off Patten, the southpaw twirler, as they did off Thomas, we were unable to benefit by them. Our only runs came in the 3rd and 4th. In the third Hinds got a hit and shortly after scored our first run on an error by Amesbury's first baseman. In the

fourth Cutter got a good hit and stole second. Thomas also got a hit and Cutter scored. The first, second and fourth were the visitor's big innings.

Everyone is glad to see Haley back on the job. We have missed him.

The line-up:

DUMMER	AMESBURY
Haley, cf	c, Melia
Sherman, c	lf, Brion
Ashcraft, ss	2b, Olson
Sanborn, 1b	p, Patten
Trask, lf	1b, Roy
Cutter, 2b	cf, Pike
Thomas, p	rf, Burbank
Osborn, 3b	3b, Briggs
Hinds, rf	ss, Alenty
Runs—Olson 4, Brion 3, Patten, Roy, Cutter, Hinds.	

#### PIERCE 5—COMMONS 4

The "Pierce Hall Sluggers" and the "Common Thugs" met on the diamond on the afternoon of May 11th, for six rousing innings of ball, the stakes of the contest, besides immemorable glory, being a steak supper furnished by Dr. Ingham. The Sluggers justified their headline and were victorious 5 to 4. Tremendous excitement reigned on all sides as did pop bottles, and the umpires were in danger of their lives. Trask twirled for the Commons and Struck out 8 men, aided by the Ump. Thomas donned the mask and protector and some people say he played catcher, but it is doubtful. Peck Haley baffled the Commoners and struck out 6 men, among them our venerable centurion Joe Glum Akins. Groves caught for him.

In the first inning Haley got a hit to left, stole second and third in quick succession, and came home when Hinds hit to the field. Sherman fled out to Nash and Hinds was caught going down to second. "Chuck" San-



HOCKEY TEAM



born then flied out, ending the inning. The Commons then came in to bat, bent on destruction, but went out in 1, 2, 3 order, none of them reaching first safely. The Sluggers did not score in the second, but with two down Trask got passed, stole second and third, and came home on an error by the catcher, evening the score.

The third was the Slugger's big inning. "Grimes" Gardiner got a hit, and stole second. Jones struck out but Haley got a two bagger, scoring Grimes. Sherman hit a liner to Akins at first but Father Time began to age and dropped the pill. Meanwhile "Peck" had taken second and third. Sherman was tagged out going to second but Hinds got a hit, and Haley scored. "Chuck" got real mad and hit a two-bagger and "Doc" came home amidst the cheers of the Pierce Rooters. Don Cilley also got a hit and "Chuck" scored. Don died on second when the Stu-dent fanned. This ended the Sluggers' scoring, but they had done enough. The Thugs were powerless in the third and fourth but scored in the fifth when Nash walked, stole second and third, and came home after Grimes had caught Ferdie's fly in his peach-basket.

In the last inning Father Akins was up first but fanned amidst jeers of the spectators. Ash got on by an error and stole second. Cutter got a hit and "Ash" scored. Cutter also scored on a hit by Thomas. "Tommy" got out at second and Trask fanned, ending the game.

Itchy Small produced his drum, all ready for the occasion and mustered in the victors. A parade ensued, much to the delight of the victorious Fierce Hallites and the chagrin of the Commons. Dr. Ingham gave them their feed the next night over on the Golf Links and we rather guess they deserved it.

The line-up:

#### PIERCE HALL

Haley, p  
Sherman, c  
Hinds, rf  
Sanborn, 1b  
Cilley, 3b  
Dautel, 2b  
Groves, c  
Gardiner, cf  
Jones, lf

#### COMMONS

3b, Osborn  
1b, Akins  
ss, Ashcraft  
2b, Cutter  
c, Thomas  
p, Trask  
lf, Nash  
cf, Purinton  
rf, Ferdinand

Runs—Haley 2, Hinds, Sanborn, Gardiner, Ashcraft, Cutter, Trask, Nash. Umpires—Webber and Regan.

#### DUMMER 8—COUNTRY DAY 4

On Saturday, May 13, we journeyed to Country Day school in Newton and there defeated their team 8 to 4. The team showed much better ball playing than in the game with Amesbury the other day and Osborn got good support.

Haley led off for us in the first inning with a nice hit which landed him on first. He stole second and third and scored our first run when Sherman sacrificed. Captain Ashcraft then swatted the horsehide out in the field for another hit and stole second. "Chuck" Sanborn also hit to the field and "Ash" scored. Thomas got a pretty two bagger and "Chuck" trotted home. Cutter grounded to the pitcher and was out at first but "Doc" Hinds brought in our fourth run with a good hit. Purinton was thrown out at first, ending our half of the inning. Pratt, first up for Country Day was thrown out at first and was followed by Hubbard who hit a homer out in left field. Buttrick followed him and also got a hit, stealing second and third and scoring when Blaney hit to the field. This left the score 4 to 2 in our favor.

In the third our opponents scored



TRACK TEAM



again on an error by the field and a hit, and the score was evened up in the fourth when Hurlbert got a hit, stole, and was knocked in by Pratt. We came back strong in the fifth when Osborn lead off with a hit, and scored on Haley's hit and a wild pitch. Haley scored again when Sherman knocked a two base hit far into the field. "Ash" struck out, but Sanborn got a hit and scored "Sherm." The pitcher heaved another wild one and "Chuck" took second and stole third. Thomas flied out to the field but Cutter brought in our last run with a hit. That ended the scoring for both sides as the pitchers tightened up and only two more hits were made.

The line-up:

DUMMER	COUNTRY DAY
Haley, cf	2b, Pratt
Sherman, c	cf, Hubbard
Ashcraft, ss	p, Buttrick
Sanborn, 1b	ss, Read
Thomas, 3b	1b, Blaney
Cutter, 2b	lf, Roberts
Hinds, rf	3b, Hutchins
Purinton, lf	c, Knowles
Osborn, p	rf, Hurlbert

Runs—Haley 2, Sanborn 2, Buttrick 2, Hubbard, Hurlbert, Sherman, Ashcraft, Thomas, Osborn.

#### DUMMER 8—ALLEN 7

We stormed Allen Military School of Newton on the 17th and found victory in the thirteenth inning of a red-hot battle. The score was 7 to 7 in the nines, and four additional innings brought us the needed run. Thomas was in fine form and pitched like a veteran with fine support behind him. He allowed only seven hits and struck out fourteen Allen men. In the first inning Haley was thrown out at first and was followed by Sherman who fanned but reached first when the

catcher dropped the third strike. Ashcraft was thrown out at first, but Sherman advanced to second, stole third, and scored our first run on an error by the field. Allen scored two runs in their half and took the lead.

Thomas knocked a roller in the second and was thrown out. Cutter singled and stole second. Hinds also singled and Cutter evened the score. "Doc" was caught stealing and Ferdinand flied out. The fourth was our big inning. "Ash" singled and stole, Sanborn walked, Thomas fanned, but Cutter got a neat double and "Ash" scored followed closely by "Chuck." Hinds sacrificed, advancing Cutter to third and "Ferdie" got a triple, scoring Cutter. Haley flied out. The score now stood 6 to 2. We scored again in the fifth inning "Ash" got a walk and came home on "Tommie's" single. We made some costly errors in Allen's half and they scored two runs. Neither team scored in the eighth, but the score was evened in the ninth when Allen got two more runs on hits.

The next three innings passed without comment, only about three batters an inning facing the pitcher. The thirteenth proved our lucky inning and Allen's downfall. Thomas fanned and was followed by Cutter who reached first on an error by Cartaya. "Doc" Hinds then hit to the second baseman, who let the ball go through him and Cutter speeded home, breaking the tie. "Doc" died on second when "Ferdie" fanned and Osborn was thrown out at first. Allen made a last desperate try in their "bats." Cox was thrown out, but Bradford got a single. Dudley flied out and Bradford was caught on third by Osborn when he overslid.

The line-up:

DUMMER	ALLEN
Haley, cf	ss, Jackson
Sherman, c	2b Gurney
Ashcraft, ss	lf, Briggs
Sanborn, 1b	p, Cartaya
Thomas, p	3b, St. Amant
Cutter, 2b	1b, Cox
Hinds, rf	cf, Bradford
Ferdinand, lf	rf, Dudley
Osborn, 3b	c, Noyes

Runs—Cutter 3, Ashcraft 2, Briggs 2, Jackson 2, Sherman, Sanborn, Ferdinand, Gurney, Cartaya, Noyes.

#### DUMMER 9—PINKERTON 4

We had ample revenge on Pinkerton for our football defeat last fall, when we beat them at Derry 9—4, Wednesday the twenty-eighth of May. Osborn and Thomas both took turns in the box and did well, especially the latter. Cross pitched the entire game and held us to 8 hits, which however proved sufficient.

For the first two innings there was no scoring by either side but in the third we found Cross and the runs began to come, Hinds led off with a single and was followed by Ferdinand who also singled. Haley then knocked a good one and Hinds scored. Sherman got a double and Ferdie and Haley scored. Ashcraft was safe on a fielder's choice and Sanborn doubled, scoring Sherm and Ash. Chuck came home on a sacrifice by Thomas. Pinkerton scored three runs in the fifth on good clean hits and we tallied once more in the seventh when Osborn reached first on a fielder's choice and scored on Sherman's two-bagger. Our last two runs came in the ninth. Hinds singled as usual, reached second on an error by the catcher, and scored on an error by the first baseman, which

placed Osborn on first at the same time. Ossie stole second and third, aided by errors of the home team, and scored when Haley gave a choice to the field. Pinkerton scored in the ninth and for the time looked dangerous, but we pulled through without any more scoring. Sherman got a ball on the finger which cracked his nail, but he gamely kept on in the game.

The lineup.

Dummer	Pinkerton
Haley, c.f.	Bogle, r.f.
Sherman, c.	Stewart 3b.
Ashcraft, ss.	Martin c.f.
Sanborn, 1b.	Morin, ss.
Thomas, 3b, p.	Hodgkins 1b.
Cutter, 2b.	Wigms, 2b.
Hinds, r.f.	Herlyhe l.f.
Ferdinand, l.f.	Cross, p.
Osborn, p, 3b.	Pond c.
Runs—Hinds 2, Osborn 2, Haley, Sherman, Ashcraft, Sanborn, Ferdinand, Bogle, Stewart, Martin, Pond.	

#### TRACK

On the afternoon of Saturday May twenty-seventh, Dummer sent a relay team to participate in the "First Annual Essex County School Boy Track Meet," at the Haverhill High School Stadium.

Our opponent was Amesbury High School. The distance was 220 yards per man. Capt. Ferdinand led off and gained 15 yds. over Cote of Amesbury. Haley and Ingham held the lead over Tuxbury and Trumbell. Our anchor man, Capt. elect Lovatt, finished with a lead of 20 yds. over Amesbury's star-runner, Rice. The Frank Freeman silver cup was the trophy for the race.

Dummer did decidedly well considering that none of her runners were in training, as Dummer's track

season closes in March.

Dummer's time was 1 min. 21 4-5  
secs. Amesbury's time was 1 min. 25  
secs. The Dummer team had the

third best time of all the other relays  
Haverhill and Beverly having the  
first and second best times, respect-  
ively.

## HONOR ROLL

80 Per cent. and Over.

### MARCH

P. Capron  
C. Lautel  
J. Gardiner  
S. Humphreys  
T. Ingham  
P. Jones  
G. May  
E. Nash  
G. Phillips  
V. Sanborn

### APRIL

H. Ahl  
P. Capron  
R. Dalton  
C. Dautel  
J. Gardiner  
S. Humphreys  
T. Ingham  
P. Jones  
G. May  
G. Phillips

### MAY

J. Gardiner  
P. Capron  
C. Dautel  
I. May  
T. Ingham  
G. Philips  
S. Humphreys  
R. Dalton



# JOKES

## JOKES

He: I went to Boston by Music.

She: By music?

He: Yes, via Lynn.

(Eltrurian)

Drunk: Howse your folks?

Ditto: What folks?

Drunk: That's good.

The manager of the department store fired Umson.

What for?

Umson took the sign "How Would You Like to See Your Girl in This?" off a swell dress—

Uh, huh.

—and carelessly hung it on a bathtub.

Riding on the railroad train at noon—

They love each other, yet they dare not spoon . . . :

Whewwwww—Tunnel—

Ex.

Absent-Minded Pofessor: Is there anyone under that bed?

Escaped Convict, Hiding: Not a soul:

Absent-minded Professor: That's funny. I'd have sworn that I heard somebody.

(Purple Cow)

## BASKETBALL BADINAGE

Kansas paper—Billsburg's basketball Belles beat Burlington's basketball Beauties. Blondes, brunettes, beautifully bedizened by basques, bloomers, belts, buttons. Bugle blows—bout begins—back-bones bend, bodies bump, buttons burst, belts break.

Boosters bellow boisterously.

Beauties buffet ball briskly, but bouncing Belles bear battle's brunt by busy bursts beyond blocking. Both bunches battle bravely, but Belles being better bumpers beat Beauties badly. Bravo, Billsburg Belles, bravo!

## MOTOR MAXIMS

Look before you back.

A skid to the wise is sufficient.

An oiling a day keeps the repair man away.

An ounce of attention is worth a pound of overhaul.

A tool in the kit is worth a thousand in the garage.

A horse just skidded around that corner—

But horses can't skid.

This one was tired.

(Juggler)

Have you some nice brown ties to match my eyes?

No, but we have some nice soft hats to match your head.

(Ski-Hu-Mah)

"Is your beef tender today?" asked the shopping sailor.

"Sir," replied the sentimental butcher, "it is as tender as a woman's heart."

"Gimme a pound of sausages," ordered the sailor hastily.

(Naval Air Current)

Hick: I want a silk waist for m' wife.

Clerk: What bust?

Hick: Gosh, I didn't hear nuthing.

(Gargoyle)



"I promise to show you," said a professor of biology, "a very fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the parcel, he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg, and some fruit.

"But——surely I ate my lunch!" he exclaimed.

(Judge)

They sat on the porch at midnight,  
And their lips were tightly pressed;  
The old man gave the signal,  
And the bull dog did the rest.

(Yale Record)

Frosh: Yes, I'm out for track.

Pretty Baby: Well, if you stick around with me, you'll soon increase in speed.

(Yale Record)

Wise Guy: Are you the young lady who took my order?

Waitress: Yessir.

Wise Guy: You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?

First Ethiopian: Why, man, if ah wuz to hit you you'd jest weah yo'self out bouncing.

Second Ethiopian: Go on, boy. I'se tough. Whah ah lives de kids plays tiddley-winks wid de sewah lids.

(Phoenix)

Spear: What is John so stuck up about?

Mint: Oh, he just sat on some gum.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I wonder would the poet have changed his mind

If standing in a crowd, he'd chanced to find

A fellow feeling in his coat behind.

(Pheonix)

And then he kissed her on the cheek.  
How aimless.

Mother, can the new maid see in the dark?

Why, I don't see how she could.

Well, she told daddy last night in the hallway that he needed a shave.

(Jay)

Alas, he has fainted away.

Fear not, I'll bring him to.

Bring three, I'll have one myself.

(Purple Cow)

This cold weather chills me to the bone.

You should wear a hat.

(Octopus)

I sent my son to Princeton

With a pat upon the back.

I spent ten thousand dollars

And got a quarterback.

(Tiger)

Drunk: Shay, one of my legs ish shrinking.

Ditto: Maybe—hic—your righ'—but you're walking wi' one foot in shu gutter.

Eve: S'matter Adam? Why so restless?

Adam: Dawgonit, I used poison ivy for my winter overcoat.

(Punch Bowl)

When is a young lady not a lady?  
Usually.

(Octopus)

Tony: Oh looka data bird on da rubber plant.

Antonio: Sure, he gutta percha.

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy widow to the orphans.

Joe: I think that a street car hash  
just passed.

Bill: How do you know?

Joe: I can shee its tracks.

(Jester)

Have you a cigarette?

Yes, plenty thank you.

(Flamingo)

Effie: Let's not dance any more.  
I'm so danced out that I can hardly  
move.

Elmer: Aw, no, you ain't, I just  
think you're nice and plump.

(Phoenix)

"Speaking of bathing in famous  
springs" said the tramp to the tour-  
ists," I bathed in the spring of '86."

(Orange Peel)

If a burglar entered the cellar  
would the coal shoot?

No, but the kindling wood.

(Lemon Punch)

Whitmarsh: Damn! A mouse  
crawled into my laundry and died.

English: That's probably why he  
died.

Wifey: Will you buy me that hand-  
kerchief? It only costs two dollars.

Hubby: That's too much to blow in.

(Lord Jeff)

Hello little girl! Want a ride?

No, thanks. I'm walking back from  
one now.

(Purple Cow)

Sambo: You know, Rastas, dat ev-  
ery time ah kiss my wife she close her  
eyes an 'holler?

Rastus: Ah say she do!

Sambo: What's dat Nigger?

Rastus: Ah say, do she?

(Orange Owl)

He: Woman is loveliest in her  
thirties.

She: Thank—I mean, do you think  
so?

(Puple Cow)

Why don't you get a divorce? It  
only costs fifty dollars.

Why get a divorce when I can get  
an axe for one dollar.

He: I'm a little stiff from polo.

She: You don't say. Why, I've  
some friends living there.

(Phoenix)

Say, I'd like to try that suit on in  
the window.

Sorry, but you'll have to use the  
dressing room.

(Jack O'Lantern)

Stage Manager: All ready, run up  
the curtain.

Stage Hand: Say, what do you  
think I am, a squirrel?

(Tripod)

Waiter: (At the Grab and Grunt)  
Milk or water?

Customer: Don't tell me please;  
let me guess.

(Gagoye)

Who's that homely looking woman?  
That's my sister.

She sure can dance.

(Record)

What? Only one undertaker in this  
burg?

Yeh, the stiff competition drove out  
the others.

(Purple Cow)

Waiter, my plate is damp.

Beg pardon sir, but that is your  
soup.

Baby: I want my bottle.

Mother: Shut up, you sound like your father.

(Lord Jeff)

He: Are you fond of jokes?

She: Why I hardly know you.

(Owlet)

It was a few hours after his operation for appendicitis in the Naval Hospital at Chalrestown, S. C.

The nurse was sitting by his bed and the doctor had come by to see how he was getting along. Some of the yard force were burning some trash in the yard just beyond his window, and the fire was very bright. He showed no signs of waking up.

The doctor said to the nurse: "Miss Mary will you please lower the shade."

"But, doctor," said the nurse, "the sunshine is good for him."

"I know that, but if he wakes up and sees that fire out there, he will think the operation was not successful!"

Papa, what are cosmetics?

Cosmetics, my son, are peach preservers.

Are you Dr. Smith?

No, but I know where you can get some.

Is she very pretty?

Pretty. When she gets into a street car the advertising is a total loss.

Yes, nature is certainly wonderful. Did you ever see a pair of lips that wouldn't fit?

Awful accident last night—car turned a corner.

No reason for an accident, was it?

Yeh. There wasn't any corner.

## AT THE PROM

He sits apart; the prom goes on;  
With saddened gaze he eyes the throng,

Nor answers he, but sighs aloud  
When called to join the merry crowd

There must he bide, alone, forlorn,  
Till lights and promers all are gone.  
The cause? He's wrecked by one he trusted;

His last suspender button's busted.

Ex.

Mrs. Hopkins visited a Minneapolis medium in hopes that she might communicate with her late husband. The connection was soon made and the following conversation took place.

"Is this you Cyrus?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Happier than when you were with me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ain't heaven just grand?"

"I don't know, dear, I'm in hell."

Ex.

WANTED—A boy to sell oysters that can ride a bicycle.

Ex.

WANTED—Three ladies to sew buttons on third floor.

Ex.

Landlord: I regret to say that your lease has expired.

Tenant: I thought something had judging from the odor around here.

(Purple Cow)

Did your teeth chatter when the burglar entered?

I don't know. They were in the table drawer.

(Purple Cow)

What is an oyster?

An oyster is a fish built like a nut.  
(Burr)

He: Ah, ha, woman, I've found you out at last.

She: Not this time, but you will the next time you call.

(Cracker)

When Shall We Meet Again—After the Dance.

A Young Man's Fancy—The Honor Roll.

You're a Million Miles from Nowhere—Dummer Academy.

Baltimore Buzz—Study Hall.

Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home—The Turnpike.

Wait Till You Get Her Up In the Air, Boys—Miss Moody.

I've Got Those Alcoholic Blues—

I Want to Go to Tokio—Fugiyama.

Kansas City Blues—Squire Jones.

My Coal Black Lady—Groves.

If It Wasn't for the Irish and the Jews—Eddy and Baer.

I Left Her on the Beach at Honolulu—Whitmarsh.

Ma Curly-headed Babby—Dautel.

Dance and Grow Thin—Akins.

I Wish I Were a Monkey in a Zoo—Morley.

Bow-Wow Blues—Mike.

Leave Me With a Smile—Nash.

Bunch of Rags—Parsons.

They Call It Dancing—Trask.

Dapper Dan—Osborn.

Get Off My Foot—Mr. Webber.

Whose Little Heart Are You Breaking Now?—Sherman.

All For the Girlyes—M. Madero.

Wait Till the Cows Come Home—Paul Jones.

Don't Take Advantage of My Good Nature—Mulholland.

'Tis An Irish Girl I Love—Cutter.  
(Lizzy???)

Song of a Flea—Sloane.



## ROLL CALL OF STUDENTS

1921—1922

*Senior Class*

Akins, John Perry	Chelsea, Mass.
Ashcraft, Arle Marion	Brookline, Mass.
Cutter, Charles Nelson	Newton Highlands, Mass.
Dautel, Carl, Jr.	Chicago, Ill.
Eddy, Spencer Deming	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Humphreys, Storer Plumer	Newbury, Mass.
Martinez, Francisco	Spain
Morse, Cushman Crowell	Newtown, Conn.
Newhall, Paul Hicken	Holliston, Mass.
Sanborn, Victor Paul	Topsfield, Mass.
Upton, Richard Everett	Cleveland, Ohio.

*Upper Middle Class*

Ahl, Henry Curtis	Rowley, Mass.
Andrews, Charles Reed	Bath, Maine
Berry, Edmund John	Somerville, Mass.
Budgell, Roger Clayton	Danvers, Mass.
Cabot, Follen	Brookline, Mass.
Carpenter, William Terhune	Swampscott, Mass.
Dalton, Richard	Schenectady, N. Y.
English, William Durfor	Brookline, Mass.
Ferdinand, Ernest Arthur	Winthrop, Mass.
Gardiner, James Bronson, 2nd.	Amsterdam, N. Y.
Groves, Churchill Blossom	Washington, D. C.
Ingham, Travis Northrop	South Byfield, Mass.
Lovatt, Frederick Deshler	South Orange, N. J.
Nash, Edward Francis	Haverhill, Mass.
Purinton, Parker Evans	Burlington, Vt.
Sherman, Roger	Winchester, Mass.
Smith, Rowland Howard	Farmington, Maine
Thomas, Paul Fifield	Brookline, Mass.
Trask, James Elbridge	Brookline, Mass.

*Lower Middle Class*

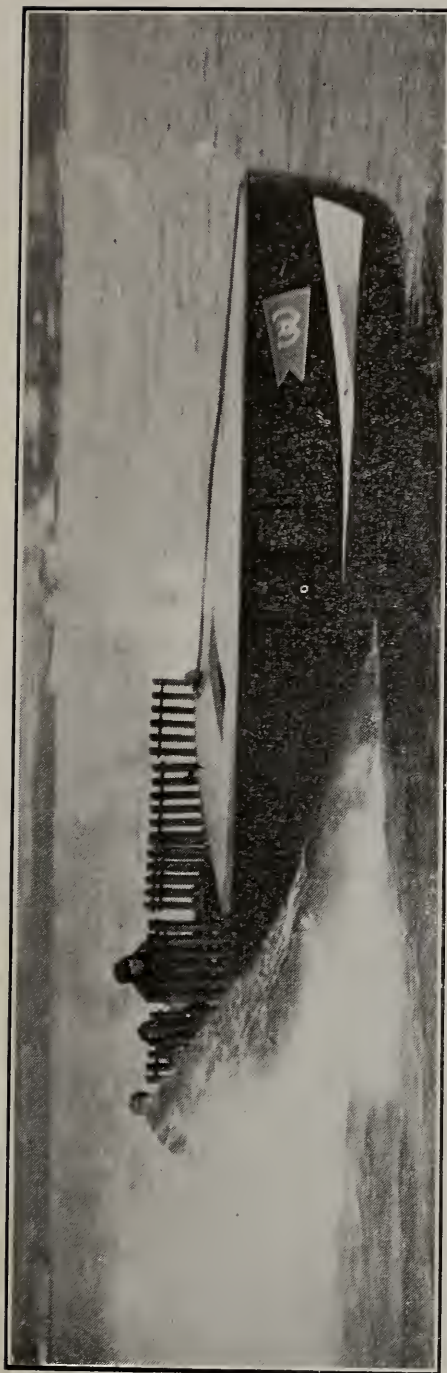
Carley, William Field	Boston, Mass.
Cilley, Donald Gale	Haverhill, Mass.
Haley, Harry Livingston	Milltown, New Brunswick
Jackson, Ervin Randall	Danvers, Mass.
Jones, Paul Adams	Union Maine.
Jones, Robert Squier	Kansas City, Mo.
Madero, Manuel Flavio	Coahuila, Mexico
Madero, William Evaristo	Coahuila, Mexico
Merrill, Charles G.	Amesbury, Mass.
Mulholland, Alexander Brimer	Ipswich, Mass.
Osborn, Kilby Page	Brookline, Mass.
Osgood, Isaac Jr.	Andover, Mass.
Parsons, Charles Chauncey	Northbridge, Mass.
Small, Donald Nichols	Bath, Maine.
Spencer, Edmund Gerrard	Saybrook, Conn.
Stone, Henry Bowditch	Framington, Mass.
Terhune, Everit Bogent, Jr.	Swampscott, Mass.
Whitmarsh, Philip Phelps	Baguio, Luzon, P. I.

*Freshman Class*

Albertson, Wyatt Hammond	West Newbury, Mass.
Capron, Paul	Annapolis, Md.
Chute, Oliver Swift	Boston, Mass.
Derby, William Bowditch	Paxton, Mass.
Foster, Robert Chapman	Portland, Maine.
Garceau, Baden	Boston, Mass.
Hinds, John Winthrop	Milford, N. H.
Horr, Albert Winslow, Jr.	Malden, Mass.
Morley, Jonathan Tobey	Winchester, Mass.
Smith, Leverett	Newburyport, Mass.
Walkley, William Paterson	Chelsea, Mass.

*Junior High Class*

Baer, Louis, Jr.	Brookline, Mass.
Carder, Philip Meldrum	Roxbury, Mass.
Cox, Elvin Hathaway	Swampscott, Mass.
Eakins, Arthur Barber	Portland, Maine
Fujiyama, Katsuhiko	Tokyo, Japan
May, Gerald	Boston, Mass.
Phillips, George Lewis	South Hampton, N. H.
Sleeper, Ralph	Rowley, Mass.
Sloane, Ronald R.	Lebanon, N. H.
Stone, James Lincoln	Framingham, Mass.
mmers, Richard Norman	Boston, Mass.



### "MISS AMERICA II"

OWNED BY GARFIELD A. WOOD OF DETROIT, MICH.

DESIGNED AND BUILT BY C. C. SMITH BOAT & ENGINE CO., OF ALGONAC, MICH.

This record-breaking hydroplane won the Harmsworth Trophy and also set a new mark of 81 miles per hour in A. P. B. A. Mile Trials, easily establishing the fact that she is the

### FASTEST BOAT IN THE WORLD

In accomplishing these results, "Miss America II" used a pair of

### HYDE TURBINE TYPE PROPELLERS

thus adding another to the long list of Hyde-equipped record-breakers and furnishing further proof of Hyde efficiency.

Our booklet, "Propeller Efficiency" will be mailed upon request. May we send you a copy and assist you in equipping your boat with a propeller that will give maximum results?

# HYDE WINDLASS COMPANY

BATH, MAINE, U. S. A

## TUTORING THAT TELLS

### The Prestige of a Quarter Century Record of Success

Preparation for College Admission Examinations

Emphasis on Concentration

Experienced Teachers

Effective Methods

Newly Equipped Laboratories

Spirit of Winning Endeavor

Running Track and Diamond

Modern Dormitories

Welcoming Dining Hall

Fifty Tennis Courts

Large Boat House

Over one hundred and fifty candidates successfully prepared for entrance examinations in each of the last ten summers by a teaching staff composed of college graduates, several of whom have had over twenty years experience in admission work. For particulars as to Little Hall, Cambridge, Mass., the school that gives results not explanations, address,

WILLIAM W. NOLAN, 80 Little Hall, Cambridge, Mass.  
Tel. Cambridge 627 and 3190 Illustrated booklet on application

---

## W. E. ATKINSON COAL

NEWBURYPORT

BYFIELD

GEORGETOWN

---

### COBBOSSECONTEE CAMP AND TUTORING SCHOOL

Harold W. Poole and George A.  
Wickson, Directors.

BOOKLET UPON REQUEST

Present Address  
DUMMER ACADEMY  
SOUTH BYFIELD, MASS.

BUY YOUR

## RUBBERS

AT A CUT RATE FROM

THE BAY STATE  
SHOE STORE

STATE ST. NEWBURYPORT



# Arthur J. Mulholland Company

## TANNERS

CALF and SIDE LEATHER

---

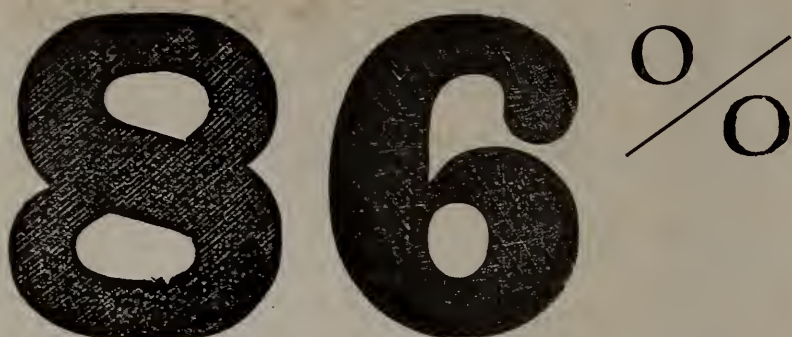
Salem :: Massachusetts

### EXECUTIVE OFFICES

Bridge and Goodhue Sts.

FACTORY NO. 1  
Bridge and Goodhue Sts.

FACTORY NO. 2  
12-14-16 Goodhue St.

A large, bold, black number '86' with a textured, slightly distressed appearance, followed by a large percent sign '%'. The entire graphic is centered at the top of the advertisement.

## READ BUSINESS PAPERS

We asked 180 business men "What Do You Read."  
155 mentioned their favorite business paper.

All of them were big men with big buying power.

Almost every branch of industry was represented and it's a matter of pride to us that all those connected with the shoe industry mentioned "The Boot and Shoe Recorder."

The Boot and Shoe Recorder carries a valuable and constructive news service which is vital to the business interests of its readers. It is probably the greatest factor of influence in the shoe industry.

# BOOT AND SHOE RECORDER PUB. CO.

BOSTON, MASS.



